

# Good Morning 499

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

**JOHN ALLEN**  
tells of the  
queerest League  
game when the  
Villa beat  
Sheffield United  
in a fierce storm

## Rain Played 12th Man—Winger used Umbrella

"LOOKS as if we're in for a spot of rain," said Charlie Athersmith, the famous Aston Villa forward, when he trotted out on to the Perry Bar ground some forty years ago to play against Sheffield United. "If it gets really bad I'll have to use an umbrella," he added with a grin.

And did not realise how true were the words he uttered in a joke!

A few minutes later the Sheffield United team took the field, too, and all eyes were fixed upon the Blades' goalkeeper, William Foulke.

Weighing nearly twenty stone, as agile as a deer, and possessing a punch that was as good as a free kick to his team, Fatty Foulke, as he became known, developed into a national figure.

That afternoon, as he took his stand beneath the bar, he must have felt anything but cheerful. It was a dreary November afternoon, the crowd was small, the ground was muddy, and, above all, there was nothing to be pleased about!

But when the whistle went, Foulke and the rest of the players forgot all about the conditions—for a short time.

Then a fierce storm broke. Hundreds of spectators ran across the pitch, while the match was still in progress, to secure cover beneath some trees and the stand. Others shared overcoats with those not so fortunate.

But no one intended, if possible, to miss the game which was being fought in ding-dong fashion on what was fast becoming a sea of mud.

Once, Foulke, in making a brilliant full-length save, rose from the ground covered in

mud—leaving behind him an obvious dent in the goalmouth. Another player, speeding down the wing, was floored, and slid down the touch-line for several yards on his chest. When he rose, the footballer was half blind with mud in his eyes and had to leave the field while the trainer gently removed the dirt.

And all the time the storm increased in fury. Rain was lashing into the footballers, and one by one the Sheffield men began to leave the field. Even Willie Foulke, as tough as a piece of granite, and never known to make a complaint, could not stick it for ever, and eventually he left the field with cramp, to seek warmth in the visitors' dressing-room.

Yet, strange as it may seem, the Villans did not appear in the least to be upset by the conditions.

They played, so far as the pitch would allow, sparkling football—but, for all that, one or two players began to feel the effects of the foul weather.

"Bet you wish you had the chance of that umbrella now, Charlie," one of his teammates reminded him, as they walked back to the centre of the field.

"I wouldn't say no!" grunted the famous outside-left, and rumour quickly spread among the spectators that Charlie Athersmith wanted an umbrella!

The result was, before he could point out that he was only joking, the winger found himself trotting up and down the touch-line, making for the Sheffield United goal, with an umbrella in one hand!

How the crowd roared, as Athersmith, displaying all that dainty footwork for which he was famous, followed by terrific shots, gave the opposing team—which had by now been reduced to seven players—a hectic afternoon. He was simply unstoppable, in the form that had made him one of our greatest forwards.

"Bet you're jealous, John!" another fan shouted to John Devey, another Villan, and the brains of the forward line. "Want to try your luck?" "Like heck I do!" exclaimed Devey, and promptly accepted the thick overcoat that was handed over to him by a loyal supporter of the club!

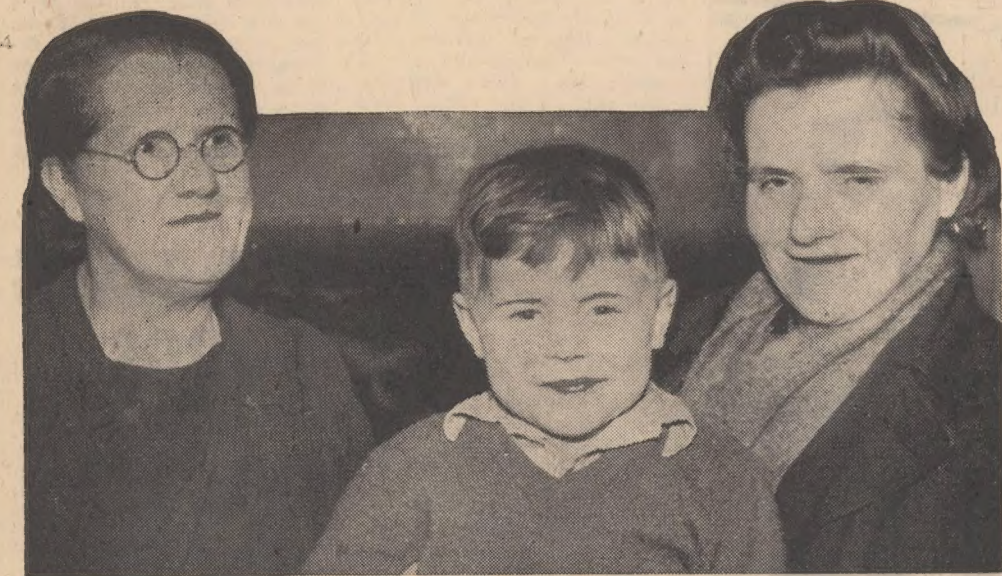
Thus attired, in a thick coat which reached to his ankles, and partnered by a winger with an umbrella, John Devey began to make the crowd roar with laughter.

With the mud squelching as the players struggled over the slippery surface, and the ball playing strange pranks, the game developed into something resembling a marionette show—only two valuable League points depended upon the outcome.

So excited did the crowd become, and so often did they roar with laughter, that one man had his false teeth fall out and trodden on by another spectator—this resulted in a fight—and another became so ill that he had to be taken to hospital.

Eventually, after one of the strangest and most hectic League games of all time, the referee blew his whistle, the players staggered off the field, and the spectators went home to talk of this match for years to come.

Aston Villa had triumphed by five goals to one.



## NEWS BRIEFS FOR L/S Phillip Brady

NEWS briefs from all the family comprise your message from home, Leading Seaman Phillip Brady. Not all the family were present when we called at 95 Plantation Street, Glasgow, of course, but your mother gave us all the news.

Frank, who is still working hard down on the docks, says he's keeping a pint or two on the counter for you. He's sure you will stroll into the local one day, unannounced and unexpected!

Your sister, Dorothy, and her husband are both very well, and their children, Peter, Dorothy and Susan, are all fit enough to get into mischief.

Margaret, of course, is still working on the Transport. She is just beginning to dare to look forward to someone's homecoming now. In the years he has been a prisoner of war in Japanese hands she hasn't even dared to think of what's to come after the war. But now, well, she's hoping hard anyway. And all the family are trying hard to cheer her up.

Young William is doing pretty well as a slater, and seems determined to master the trade. Another member of the family, your sister, Mabel, also is making good progress at work. As a tailoress she's highly efficient—and she likes it. John was home a short while

ago—he was a bit charker at leaving home after a pretty good leave. But you know how the Navy is—he does, too. He's keeping up the family name all right. In his own words, he says, "Och, the Navy is O.K.—I'm rubbing along."

But hang on a minute—here's big news: Pat says she will have her teeth fixed by your next leave, so you can keep your promise of taking her to the Playhouse or the Palais.

Young Phillip has the last word—he says he will be able to bash you by the time you get home again. He's trying out some scrapping tricks and is aiming at you.

So are they all at home when they send out sincere wishes for your safe return home.

## Ron Richards' SHOP TALK



"Tactician" home from killer trip of 50,000 miles.

H.M. Submarine "Tactician" recently returned to home waters after a 19 months' commission, during which time she steamed nearly 50,000 miles in the Atlantic, Mediterranean, Aegean, Adriatic, Indian Ocean, Bay of Bengal, Straits of Sumatra, and the Malacca Straits.

The story of "Tactician's" adoption by Alfreton, Derbyshire, appeared in a recent issue of "Good Morning." Much of "Tactician's" work has been secret, but she has

sunk an amount of enemy shipping, including a 7,000-ton armed merchant ship, which went ashore in Valona Bay, and a 3,000-ton vessel in the Malacca Straits. This latter ship was loaded with some motor lorries and large wooden packing cases—and a brand-new luxury motor car.

"We saw the ship off Penang one evening," said the "Tactician's" commanding officer, Lieut.-Commander A. F. Collett, D.S.C., R.N., of Gloucester. "The motor

car, a real beauty, several lorries and some packing cases, which probably contained other vehicles, were on deck. We gunned her and left her sinking.

"The following morning when we surfaced she was still afloat, so I fired a torpedo under her bows, which were sticking out of the water. A second torpedo hit her amidships, and she just disappeared, motor car and all. A destroyer came out, but it was set on fire and driven off by two Ameri-

can aircraft."

"The liveliest time we had on the commission was during the bombardment of Sabang, said the First Lieutenant, Lieut. C. P. Bowers, R.N., of Birmingham. "On one occasion we acted as an Air-Sea Rescue ship, and picked up an American airman who had come down about eight miles away. We managed to rescue him, although the shore batteries made things very hot, and an enemy submarine chaser was on our trail as well.

"We gave the natives a shock at one Adriatic port during a lunch-time siesta. We were attacking a schooner, and the enemy thought an air raid had started. They were firing their A.A. guns, so we carried on the good work, sank the schooner, and drove off an escort ship at the same time."

Among the ship's company on board "Tactician" were Stoker C.P.O. G. E. B. Sherval, of Reading; Stoker P.O. T. C. Waterworth, of Erith; Leading Seaman R. D. Lloyd, of Ely; C.P.O. F. Fleming, of Gosport; C.E.R.A. G. W. Wright, of Gravesend; P.O. E. Towers, of Leeds; Leading Seaman C. Radford, of Farlington; Signalman B. M. Watling, of Ilford; Stoker P.O. T. H. Langmead,



Lieut.-Comdr. Collett, D.S.C., R.N.

of Croydon; Leading Stoker C. W. Harvey, of Bodmin, Cornwall.

YOUR wife, Mr. Newstead, writes from Cambridge to notify us of change of address to 35 Rethmore Road. That's on account of us having sent a letter to say a reporter and photographer will be calling one day for some home news and pictures.

Mrs. Newstead says she and the baby are fine, and, of course, she sends all her love to you.

CHAPLAIN R. WORRALL, R.N.V.R., Comforts Officer at Carolina Port, writes to say that his comforts fund has been exhausted.

I have passed your letter on to the appropriate department, sir, and have little doubt but that you will be hearing from them soon.

Ron Richards



Lieut. Bowers, R.N.

Raspberries  
are our  
favourite  
fruit.

So write and tell us  
what you really think  
about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—

"Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.



# THE "WHITE DEATH" and its White Dead

LET the reader picture to himself the hall of the vastest cathedral he ever stood in, windowless indeed, but dimly lighted from above (presumably by shafts connected with the outer air and driven in the roof, which arched away a hundred feet above our head), and he will get some idea of the size of the enormous cave in which we stood. Running in rows down its length were gigantic pillars of what looked like ice, but were, in reality, huge stalactites. It is impossible for me to convey any idea of the overpowering beauty and grandeur of these pillars of white spar, some of which were not less than twenty feet in diameter at the base, and sprang up in lofty and yet delicate beauty sheer to the distant roof.

We had not, however, as much time to examine this beautiful place as thoroughly as we should have liked to do, for unfortunately Gagool seemed to be indifferent to stalactites, and only anxious to get her business over.

"Are ye prepared to enter the Place of Death?" asked Gagool, evidently with a view to making us feel uncomfortable.

"Lead on, Macduff," said Good, solemnly, trying to look as though he was not at all alarmed, as indeed did we all except Foulata, who caught Good by the arm for protection.

"This is getting rather ghastly," said Sir Henry, peeping into the dark doorway. "Come on Quatermain—seniores priores. Don't keep the old lady waiting!" and he politely made way for me

to lead the van, for which I inwardly did not bless him.

Tap, tap, went old Gagool's stick down the passage, as she trotted along, chuckling hideously; and still overcome by some unaccountable presentiment of evil, I hung back.

"Come, get on, old fellow," said Good, "or we shall lose our fair guide."

Thus abjured, I started down the passage, and after about twenty paces found myself in a gloomy apartment some forty feet long, by thirty broad, and thirty high, which in some past age had evidently been hollowed, by hand-labour, out of the mountain. This apartment was not nearly so well lighted as the vast stalactite ante-cave, and at the first glance all I could make out was a massive stone table running its length, with a colossal white figure at its head, and life-sized white figures all round it.

Next I made out a brown thing, seated on the table in the centre, and in another moment my eyes grew accustomed to the light, and I saw what all these things were, and I was tailing out of it as hard as my legs would carry me.

I am not a nervous man in a general way, and very little troubled with superstitions, of which I have lived to see the folly; but I am free to own that that sight quite upset me, and had it not been that Sir Henry caught me by the collar and held me, I do honestly believe that in another five minutes I should have been outside that stalactite cave, and that the promise of all the diamonds in Kimberley would not have induced me to enter it again. But he held me tight, so I stopped because I could not help myself. Next second, however, his eyes got accustomed to the light and he let go of me, and began to mop the perspiration off his forehead. As for Good, he swore feebly, and Foulata threw her arms around his neck and shrieked.

Only Gagool chuckled loud and long.

It was a ghastly sight. There at the end of the long stone table, holding in his skeleton fingers a great white spear, sat Death himself, shaped in the form of a colossal human skeleton, fifteen feet or more in height. High above his head he held the spear, as though in the act to strike; one bony hand rested on the stone table before him, in the position a man assumes on rising from his seat, whilst his frame was bent forward so that the vertebrae of the neck and the grinning, gleaming skull projected towards us, and fixed its hollow eye-places upon us, the jaws a little open, as though it were about to speak.

"Great heavens!" said I faintly, at last, "what can it be?"

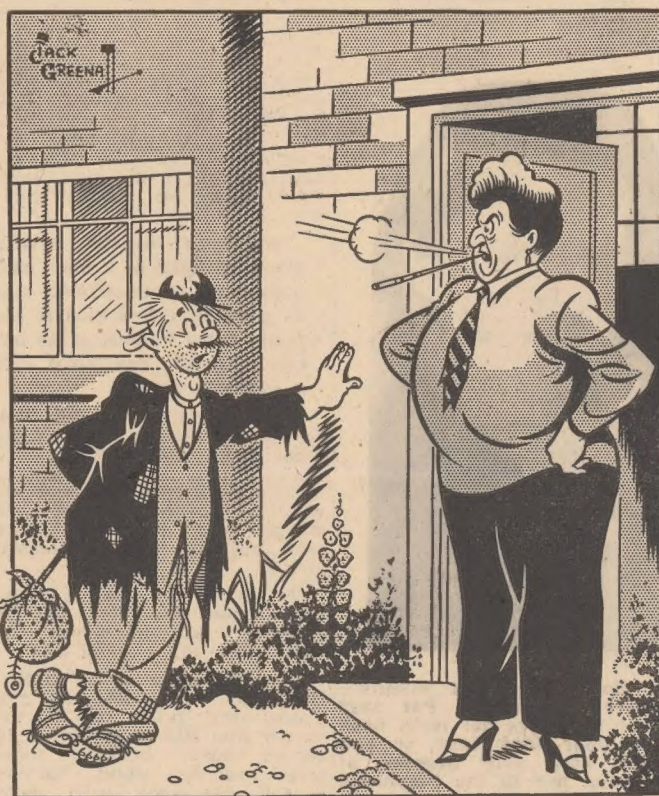
"And what are those things?" said Good, pointing to the white company round the table.

"And what on earth is that thing?" said Sir Henry, pointing to the brown creature seated on the table.

"Hee! hee! hee!" laughed Gagool. "To those who enter the Hall of the Dead, evil comes. Hee! hee! hee! ha! ha! ha!"

"Come, Incubus, brave in battle, come and see him thou slewest"; and the old creature caught his coat in her skinny fingers, and led him away towards the table. We followed.

Presently she stopped and pointed at the brown object seated on the table. Sir Henry looked, and started back with an exclamation; and no wonder, for there seated, quite naked, on



"You can try all day, my man, but you'll get no trousers off me!"

the table, the head which Sir Henry's battle-axe had shorn from the body resting on its knees, was the gaunt corpse of Twala, the last king of the Kukuanas.

Yes, there, the head perched

## MIXED DOUBLES

Jumbles of pairs of things, words or people often phrased together, such as DUCKS and DRAKES, BUBBLE and SQUEAK, etc.

- (a) IF TREE BE REAL.  
(b) RAG ON TO FIRE.
- (a) GUY HAS A GRID.  
(b) HUFF A SOLDIER.
- (a) LIE AS EXTRA.  
(b) ON THE LUGGER.
- (a) SOME LATCH, SIR.  
(b) NEED MINE FRY.

(Answers in No. 500.)

## Solution to Doubles in No. 498.

- (a) PLAIN & EVIDENT.  
(b) WIDE & NARROW.
- (a) GENIUS & TALENT.  
(b) DOUBT & BELIEF.
- (a) POINT & DIRECT.  
(b) PLAIN & ORNATE.
- (a) CLOY & SURFEIT.  
(b) SPOIL & ENHANCE.

## JANE



## KING SOLOMON'S MINES

By the courtesy of the executors of RIDER HAGGARD

upon the knees it sat in all its supposing that every king who ugliness, the vertebrae projecting reigned was placed here—an im- a full inch above the level of the probable thing, as some are sure to shrunken flesh of the neck. have perished in battle far from

Over the whole surface of the home—fix the date of its com- corpse there was gathered a thin mence at four and a quarter centuries back.

But the colossal Death is far older than that. He was hewn out of a single stalactite. Good, who understood anatomy, declared that the anatomical design of the skeleton was perfect down to the smallest bones. Such at any rate was the White Death and such were the White Dead!

(To be continued)

## WANGLING WORDS—438

1. Insert three consonants in \* A \* A \* A and get an American State.
2. In the following quotation from Shakespeare both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Udowl nay lelms yb sa rehot ewest sore a mane.
3. The same number stands for the same letter throughout in these four novelists. Who are they? 3722745, 1274KMB95, 18356, 3956.
4. Find Bert's two hidden brothers in: When Bert ran down the road with her par-sol, I very nearly stopped him.

## Answers to Wangling

### Words—No. 437

1. CONSTANTINOPLÉ.
2. Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.
3. Bennett, Sabatini, Wells.
4. Bar-bar-a, E-the-l.

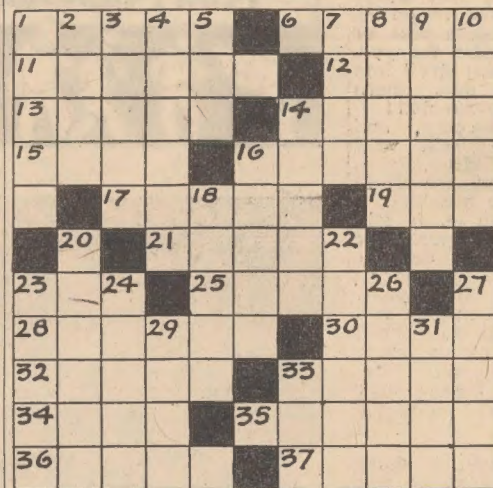
## QUIZ for today

1. A thalweg is a small mam-mal, piece of music, bottom of a valley, stonemason's tool, part of a plough?
2. Give three names which may be applied to a group of whales.
3. What tea dish is called "matrimony"?
4. What and where is Arthur's Seat?
5. What are the Christian names of (a) Mozart, (b) Paderewski?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Distract, Tomfoolery, Knurl, Privileged, Predjudice, Weir.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 498

1. Catgut.
2. Plump, sord, sute.
3. Bread toasted on one side and buttered on the other.
4. A shingle beach east of Eastbourne.
5. About 53.
6. Apostolic. Convenient, Physic.

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Moment.
- 6 Infants.
- 11 Partners.
- 12 Following.
- 13 Delivered.
- 14 Wild animal.
- 15 Egress.
- 16 Roof of mouth.
- 17 Be repeated.
- 19 Novel.
- 21 Mature.
- 23 Offer.
- 25 Part of helmet.
- 28 Bay.
- 30 Tractable.
- 32 Not trimmed up.
- 33 Collier.
- 34 Test for rhythm.
- 35 Small cupboard.
- 36 Girl's name.
- 37 Troublesome.

LAST PAD E H  
INCOME ECRU  
SNIP RESUME  
SELECT IBIS  
O L OHMS N  
MOATS ETHER  
R HYDE U A  
BADE ADORNS  
ACUMEN DROP  
GLEE CREATE  
SE SUE SHED

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Tired.
- 2 Holm-oak.
- 3 Selective instinct.
- 4 Purifying device.
- 5 Nevertheless.
- 7 Indigo.
- 8 Commenced.
- 9 Devon town.
- 10 Scatter.
- 14 Weeds.
- 16 Learner.
- 18 Musky perfume.
- 20 Betrothed one.
- 22 Intimation.
- 23 Rosy glow.
- 24 Old gold coin.
- 26 Rows.
- 27 Small fruit.
- 29 Small cow.
- 31 Submissive.
- 33 Swab.

## Solution to Puzzle in No. 498.

MICHIGAN  
MISSOURI  
ARKANSAS  
COLORADO  
NEBRASKA  
VIRGINIA  
OKLAHOMA  
ILLINOIS



## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Even Censors are Blue Pencilled

Says C. Forbes Spencer

NO doubt you've cursed the Censor in your time, but his war-time job isn't as "cushy" as you think, although that blue pencil of his plays a big part in making things tough for a cunning enemy.

Press and letter censorship is only a small part of a gigantic organisation. In London, Liverpool, Bermuda and many other places we have "listening posts" manned by code experts, who go through mail, baggage and printed matter with the enthusiasm of short-sighted detectives.

Perhaps "manned" isn't the right word, because the so-called gentle sex seem to be in the majority! Here you will find ex-school teachers, debutantes, linguistic waitresses, and white-haired grandmothers, who look anything but ace spy-catchers. One section employs a Continental cabaret actress, who acts as a letter sleuth; she speaks five languages fluently.

Postal censorship is a tremendous organisation. Tons and tons of mail and baggage are tooth-combed daily by experts who speak 150 dialects and languages between them. They include code wizards who watch for secret messages and test for invisible ink.

You would be surprised by the skill with which letters can be opened, studied and resealed without anyone being the wiser. It would take a microscope to show that a split wire has extracted the letter through a tiny notch under the stamp.

Apart from a variety of secret chemicals used to develop messages in invisible ink, the blue-pencil sleuths have an amazingly up-to-date apparatus to ferret out cunning code signals. High-speed cameras and ultra-violet rays play a vital part behind the scenes.

Our spy-catchers are up to all the old dodges and always on the alert for new ones. Baggage sent to firms in neutral countries are given special attention. Even string has to be unravelled in case a secret message has been cunningly tucked away. An innocent-seeming cellophane wrapper may be carefully studied in case the gummed joint holds a message that the lads in Berlin are expecting.

A pair of stockings—a can of film with suspicious scratches—gramophone records—a roll of wallpaper—even the seams in a tennis ball may carry a code message.

In war-time every article is suspect. Amazingly ingenious have been the stratagems used by enemy agents. Messages have been found in hollowed-out coins, in the pattern of a woollen sock, and in some odd dots on the teeth of a new comb!

Real-life code work is often more exciting than anything you will read in an Oppenheim thriller. During the last war the Germans deciphered a code message that they had intercepted. Hindenburg promptly switched his tactics, with the result that the Russians suffered 100,000 casualties on a vital sector.

In the last war we secured invaluable information about Hun naval movements when one of our divers found a code book hidden in the conning tower of a sunk U-boat.

It is also a historical fact that in the 1914-18 scrap we lost a closely guarded naval secret because a foolish officer had been indiscreet enough to mention it in a letter to his sister, which was intercepted by an enemy agent.

Millions of pounds' worth of contraband designed for German use have been neatly collared by our experts, because one of our censors spotted something unusual in a letter or a wrapping.

Never forget that the best-guarded secret of this war—our long-awaited invasion of Europe—was only made possible by the vigilance of an army of lynx-eyed intelligence men.

So, when you're brassed-off because the censor has put his pencil through a string of kisses to the wife and kids, remember that he is doing it for your protection. You can't be too careful in this game.

And, if it's any comfort to you, the censors themselves have to undergo blue-pencil surgery by their colleagues when they send a parcel or letter home!

## Alex Cracks

In a village, a young man about to start a fish business asked the rector if he would be one of his customers. The parson said he was sorry, but liked his fish fresh from town. The man started in business, but stayed away from church. After a few weeks the clergyman called to ask the reason why.

"Oh," said the young man, "you like your fish fresh from town. I've bought a wireless set, so that now I can have my sermons fresh from town."

Bently: "Why don't you try my tailor, old man?"

Branson: "Does he use good material?"

Bently: "I should say he does! Why, I had a suit that lasted almost up to the time I paid for it."



Good  
Morning



"I NEVER SLEPT A WINK LAST  
NIGHT,  
I didn't have my favourite dream,  
The one in which you hold me tight,  
So I had to call you up this morning,  
To find — " Just a minute, you  
fellows, there's our telephone going.  
... Sorry to break off like that,  
but it was Ann Sheridan, Warner  
Bros.' sleepy-head, calling us up  
"to find if everything is still all  
right?" Guess what we told her!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I think I'll give  
Ginger Tom a  
ring."

